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ON

ONTARIO'S SHORE.

BY A LADY.

Printed at the "Constitutional" Office, St. Paul Street, St. Catharines.

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WINTER AND SUMMER

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WINTER ON THE LAKE SHORE.

The old Frost King has ta'en his seat
Just where the land and water meet,
And there maintains his regal state,
Without a counsellor or mate;
So potent is his sov'reign sway,
We ne'er forget him, e'en a day;
Stern and grave his disposition,
Nought can charm him but his mission.

With dull November's chilling breeze
He sweeps the foliage from the trees;
All nature clothes in sober hue,
He loves not her bright green and blue.
Now angry storm-clouds chase the sky,
And stricken birds in terror fly.
Old Boreas issues from his cave,
And tempest swells the sullen wave;
Mournfully wails and howls the blast,
Sailors cling to the icy mast;
Black is the lake, and black the sky,
The air is filled with a piteous cry!
Sad's the fate of many a bark;
And, sadder, still, light hearts made dark.

All is still with the last death gasp;
But we 're in winter's iron grasp;
The snow descends and carpets o'er
The tree-crown'd hill and barren moor;

Icicles hang from ev'ry tree,
And ice-clad is the flow'ry lea;
Ice is floating on the water,
Ice is seen in ev'ry quarter.
So we glide through bleak December,
Till we're gladden'd to remember
Merry Christmas comes to cheer us,
And that he is very near us.
Happy time of social meeting!
When friends meet, with heartfelt greeting!
No matter how bleak the weather,
Friendship's chains are link'd together;
All are bent on mirth and pleasure,
Which is good in proper measure.
Now is the time for dance and song,
And all sports that to youth belong;
Sliding, curling, graceful skating,
Girls and boys in pastime mating;
Hark! the merry sleigh-bells tingle,
A treat in which all can mingle.

But lo! the old year wanes and dies,
And thus it is that old time flies!
Janus appears with happy face,
And takes his antecedent's place.
Now, instead of tribulation,
Nought is heard but gratulation.
Kings die;—all hail the successor,
And few mourn his predecessor.

A little thaw, a little rain,
And ice and snow are on the plain;
Again the storm-wind wails and screams,
Like one waking from frightful dreams;
Now he comes like mighty thunder,
As the sky to rend asunder,
And then sinks into soft repose,
As weary eye-lids gently close.

Winter grows old, but he's vig'rous,
And the cold is still more rig'rous;
(As tyrants 'bout to lose their pow'r
Grow sterner near their dying hour.)
List to the storm-wind how it howls!
And see! the snow-cloud o'er us scowls.
Dangerous is the driven snow,
That leaves no track where'er to go;
Woe to the traveller, belated,
Lest he to early death be fated!
Welcome now the humblest dwelling,
That of warmth and shelter's telling;
Many's the tale by fireside told,
Of marv'lous 'scapes from death by cold.

After the storm succeeds the calm,
Which to our senses is a balm;
And we think of warmer seasons,
Which I love for many reasons;
But frost and snow return again,
And teach us that our thoughts are vain.

Bold March appears!—Winter's brave scion—
His crest the lamb and warlike lion;
The winds now rave—now fondly kiss,
Like burst of sorrow or soft bliss!
The white sail flutters on the lake,
And birds are nestling in the brake.
We dream of Spring and spicy gales,
Of verdant lawns and flow'ry dales;
Of blue-bird bright and robin gay,
Of show'ry April and blooming May;
Signs of Spring to us delicious,
But, I own, in part capricious;
For many storms must come and go
Before we lose our icy foe.
But Phœbus now, from hour to hour,
Is gaining strength and quick'ning pow'r,
And well nigh broken is the spell,
Therefore I say—Farewell! farewell!

SUMMER ON THE LAKE SHORE.

Sweet summer is come! then rejoice with me,
For all nature is joyous, bright and free;
The lake is as blue as the azure sky,
And the boatman's oar does merrily ply;
Gay birds are singing,
Flow'rets are springing,
All nature is joyous, bright and free,
Then rejoice with me!—rejoice with me!

The wild bee is humming his song of glee,
As he culls the sweets from the flow'ry lea;
E'en the locust joins to swell the chorus,
And worship the brightness 'round and o'er us;
Cow-bells are tingling,
Sweet sounds are mingling,
All nature is joyous, bright and free,
Then rejoice with me!—rejoice with me!

Blossoms are turning to fruit on the tree,
Laden with sweets is the air, like the bee;
Bright flow'rs are op'ning their eyes from slumber
Gay are their tints and countless in number;
Sweet is the ev'ning breeze,
Perfum'd with linden trees;
All nature is joyous, bright and free,
Then rejoice with me!—rejoice with me!

The fields are clad in Pomona's bright green,
The trees in rich foliage now are seen;
Flora is deck'd in her gayest array,
More beauteous is she than the Queen of May;
The cattle are lowing,
The bright sun is glowing,
All nature is joyous, bright and free,
Then rejoice with me!—rejoice with me!

The waves of the Lake are sparkling with foam,
As briskly the summer gale wafts them home;

Music there is in the murmuring sound
Of the waters plashing the pebbly ground ;
Gorgeous the sunsets are
In the bright West afar ;
All nature is joyous, bright and free,
Then rejoice with me !—rejoice with me !

How gracefully move the ships in full sail !
Borne swiftly along by the balmy gale,
Or tiny boats skimming the glassy wave,
Like sea-birds rejoicing their wings to lave.
Soft is the summer night,
In the moon's silv'ry light ;
All nature is joyous, bright and free,
Then rejoice with me !—rejoice with me !

Cover'd the fields are with their golden grain,
The reaper is there with his busy train ;
The sun is glowing with heat and with pow'r,
And glad are we now of the sunset hour ;
Summer is in her prime,
'Tis the full harvest time ;
All nature is joyous, bright and free,
Then rejoice with me !—rejoice with me !

The air is sultry and the earth is dry,
A storm is gath'ring in the distant sky ;
The wind comes in gusts, then big drops of rain,
Now torrents descend and water the plain ;
The bright light'ning flashes,
The loud thunder crashes ;
Nature, refresh'd, is joyous and free,
Then rejoice with me !—rejoice with me !

The rich fruits are rip'ning for autumn's store,
Bounteous is summer in golden lore ;
Crown'd with success is the fisherman's toil,
The lake's sparkling tenants he makes his spoil.
See the broad waters bright,
All in the starry light ;
Nature is joyous, and bright and free,
Then rejoice with me !—rejoice with me !

Though summer's not o'er, I'll finish my song,
I see, with regret, she cannot stay long;
Gay is my theme, and gay is my measure,
Then how can I sing of aught but pleasure?
The sky is all brightness,
The air is all lightness,
While nature is joyous, bright and free,
Oh, rejoice with me!—rejoice with me!

SUNSET.

See! Day's bright orb now sinks to rest,
Upon the Lake's resplendent breast!
In a rich glow of ruby light,
The earth, the air, the sky is bright.

In vain we gaze at mid-day hour,
Too great his splendour and his pow'r;
But when at eve he seeks repose,
And the day's toil is near its close,—

Then we see his parting glory,
Gorgeous as an Eastern story!
No earth-born king, in all his state,
E'er sat enthron'd in pomp so great!

Though no jewels lend their aid,
Nor flow'rs, alas! that too soon fade;
The Day-god's form, like burnished gold,
Sits thron'd, by mystic clouds enroll'd.

Rich in beauty, ever changing,
Through all tints of color ranging;
Reflected in the Lake below,
Behold a bright transcendent glow!

From soft violet to purple,
Each cloud fringed with golden circle;
From rose-blush to deep crimson dye,
The giant forms that crowd the sky—

With ev'ry shade of rainbow hue,
On firmament of azure blue;
Varying each eve in ev'ry clime,
And so 't will be to end of time.

But when he sets to this our sphere,
And in the other doth appear,
After the day's departing knell,
Then ev'ning falls with mystic spell.

A dewy stillness now pervades
O'er rocks and fountains, hills and glades;
'Tis the hour when contemplation
Fills the soul with adoration,—

For so great and wondrous beauty,
And reminds us of our duty,
To worship Him, our Lord and Maker
Of all good—the Great Creator!

MOONLIGHT.

Hail to thee, beauteous Queen of Night!
Bathed in thine own soft silv'ry light;
Gauzy clouds are round thee playing,
Now encircling, now they're straying—

Veiling thy beauty like a bride,
As calm thou sitt'st in modest pride,
Shining upon us from above,
Emblem of tenderness and love!

All is hushed by the gentle pow'r
Of the moon's bright and gleaming hour;
The soul entranced, as with a spell,
Is filled with dreams too vague to tell.

Beautiful the moonlit river!
Where the trembling aspens quiver;
Beautiful the lake—the ocean,
With its foaming waves in motion.

Graceful trees their shadows flinging,
Glitt'ring dew-drops round them clinging,
Gems they wear to grace the night,
When all on earth and sky is bright.

How beautiful the ruin'd tower!
The abbey, or the lady's bower!
Lit by the moon's pale, mystic glance,
The shadows wave like fairy dance.

Imagination paints full well
The tales those ivied walls could tell,
When knight, or page, or lady bright,
Rode forth to tournament or fight.

When monk or nun these cloisters trod,
Or press'd the dewy moonlit sod;
Ages since then have pass'd away,
And nought but mem'ries round them play.

Gentle the moon o'er hill and plain,
But not so on the stormy main;
She rules the waves with mighty hand—
E'en mariners oft sigh for land.

Where'er thou show'st thy face there's beauty;
E'en when most rig'rous thy duty:
In calm, in storm, in ev'ry phase,
On foaming wave, in leafy maze.

Thou ever beauteous, ever young!
What myriads thy praise have sung!
Bright day, with all its dazzling light,
Cannot outvie the lovely night.

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